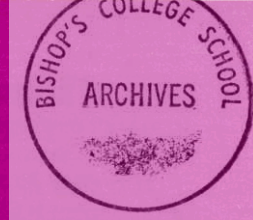


B.C.S.

ALUMNI BULLETIN



VOL. XXXIX NO. 3

OCTOBER, 1980

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

WINDER CUP PROVIDES BIG SURPRISE

Several Old Boys who were at School Closing and Prize giving on June 7th, 1980 may have fallen off their chairs when the Winder Cup was presented. This most coveted and prestigious, as well as the most complicated of School prizes, was, for the very first time, won by a B.C.S. girl. Bridget Perry-Gore, a 6th Former, qualified for the Cup by earning 3 First Team colours in one year and by holding the highest average amongst the 3 colour winners in both 6th and 7th Forms. She now has her name engraved alongside many illustrious Old Boys who have won the trophy since its presentation in 1944. Without a doubt, Dr. J.B. Winder, in whose memory the cup is given, would have smiled and approved wholeheartedly — all is fair, you know.

CALLING ALL ALUMNI ARTISTS

B.C.S. would very much like to honour all our talented artists of K.H.C. and B.C.S. by permanently exhibiting their work throughout the hallways of first floor, School House. We welcome you to send us one sketch, painting, sculpture, or whatever you do best so that it may be displayed for years to come to all future B.C.S. students and visitors.

We know that there are many artistically gifted Alumni out there and would take great pride in presenting their art. We will take responsibility for framing, if the artist so wishes, and will add plaques with the artist's name and years at school. Works may be sent to Miss Margot Graham, B.C.S. Alumni Association, B.C.S., Lennoxville, Que. J1M 1Z8. Will report in the next Bulletin what we have received.

ALUMNI CHILDREN AT B.C.S. A NEW RECORD

Statistics can certainly be fun when one sees an upward trend occurring each year and when the statistics have faces. This season has seen two records broken: — the number of countries represented at B.C.S. (16 from a previous record of 14), and the number of children of Old Boys and Old Girls on campus — a whopping fifty-two!

The accompanying photo saves me a thousand words and is attestation to the high-quality productivity of our Alumni. Can you see the resemblances?



HERE THEY ARE:

1st Row L. to R. — Hope & Robert Fraser (Scott '45), Gregor Hollander (Lou '51), Andrew Stairs (Gavin '46), James Booth (Derek '60).

2nd L. to R. — Bryce MacNaughton (John '53), Tori Schofield (Gael Goodeve '58), Penny Woods (Shirley '54), Chris Moseley (Colin '58), Mark Tinker (Bob '54), Kate Cruickshank (Jean Millward '55), Trevor Williams (James '53).

3rd L. to R. — Chris & Tori Cowans (John '54), Robin Badger (Bill '53), Tony & Patti Brodeur (Barbara Drummond '52), Annabel Hallward (Hugh '44), Robin, Andrew & Julie Cruickshank (Jean Millward '55), Sue Mitchell (Brad '53) and Ann Cameron '53, Scott Goodson (Jack '38).

4th L. to R. — Heather Budge (Ann McNally '54), Charles Beaudinet (Penny Pasmore '53), Catherine Day (Brigham '45), Joni Scheib (Renaud '50).

5th L. to R. — Jeff Scholes (Bill '48), Alexander Hugessen (James '51), Donald McInnes (Eve Smith '56), Andrew Setlakwe (Richard '51), Adam & Theadora Brinckman (Sue Blaylock '56), Andrew McCrudden (Marcia GibbCarsley '55), John Gilmour (John '49), Peter McMaster (Michael '57).

6th L. to R. — John Huggett (Donald '47), Philip Jarrett (James '44), Michael Stearns (David '49), Mark Johnson (Andy '51), Carlotta Stoker (Patrick '38 & Shirley Harrison '46), Ross Boyd (Garth '53), Sara Price (Derek '50), Jill Drummond (Sally Sharwood '51), Sue Ogilvie (Watson '48), Brian MacFarlane (Marion MacDougall '56).

ABSENT: Greg Boyd (Douglas '56), Charles Black (Shirley Eakin '55), Tom Hooton (Leslie Gault '46), Kurt Johnson (Andy '51), David Stevenson (Bob & Deirdre Molson '50), Joelly Goodson (Jack '38).

VALETE REVEREND ROBERTS SALVATE BISHOP MATTHEWS

This past June, Rev. Derek Roberts retired from B.C.S., bringing an end to a most remarkable career as Chaplain, teacher and soccer coach which began at King's Hall 28 years ago. Mr. Roberts arrived at King's Hall in 1952 and kindly consented to come over to B.C.S. when the two schools amalgamated in 1972, becoming Chaplain of our St. Martin's Chapel. His influence upon all our lives has been extraordinary. Beginning in Chapel each morning, continuing in the classroom throughout the day, moving on to the playing field in the afternoon, Mr. Roberts' humour, understanding and dedication was always greatly appreciated and admired.

B.C.S. honoured Mr. Roberts on Closing Day by introducing a prize in his name to be given to the student standing first in Form III. A most appropriate award named for someone who personifies the standard of excellence after which we all strive.

In typical Mr. Roberts style, he remained at B.C.S. for over two weeks after his retirement in order to perform a wedding at the School for a staff member — his final duty as our Chaplain.

We shall miss his strength of character, his wisdom and his help and we all wish he and Mrs. Roberts much happiness in South Devon, England.

The Derek Roberts of this world are not easily replaced, so by opening of School this September, a suitable successor with as many talents and qualities had not been found to become School Chaplain on a permanent basis. However, by divine providence, Bishop Timothy Matthews has volunteered himself to B.C.S. for our Sunday Services at St. Martin's Chapel.

Bishop Matthews has had an outstanding career. He was ordained Deacon in 1932 and Priest in 1933. From 1933 to 1937 he served the Church of the Viking in Edmonton, then became Incumbent of Edson, Alberta for three years. From 1940 to 1944 he was Rector of nearby Coaticook, followed by the Mission of Kenogami and was Rural Dean of Quebec until 1952. From 1952 to 1957 he served as Archdeacon of the

Gaspé. He then returned to the Eastern Townships to become Rector of St. George's Church, Lennoxville and Archdeacon of the St. Francis Diocese. On September 28, 1971, Rev. Timothy John Matthews was consecrated the 9th Bishop of Quebec. He retired in 1977.

Bishop Matthews is a member of our Advisory Board, a member of the Corporation of Bishop's University, and a member of the Canadian General and Provincial Councils of the Boy Scouts.

We thank this great man for coming to our aid and welcome him into the B.C.S. family with much affection.

SCHOOL TO HAVE NEW PROSPECTUS

All last year, B.C.S. was besieged by photographers, artists and writers gathering up masses of material for a new, up-to-date prospectus on all that B.C.S. has to offer. After many spectacular photographs, some most original art work and great writing, the new prospectus is, in this writer's opinion, a masterpiece amongst school prospecti. It will replace a fine brochure which has served the School well since it became co-ed eight years ago.

Throughout the past year there was no escape from photographers. They could be found hovering above the school in a helicopter, on ladders in the dining hall, on all the roof tops, hanging off mountain cliffs, in the houses, on the fields, in the classrooms — everywhere. The B.C.S. students and staff were incredibly cooperative during the invasion, resulting in thousands of pictures of excellent quality and content. These pictures are so much fun that a slide show of them will be held for all the B.C.S. kids later this year.

The new prospectus has been produced under the meticulous guidance of Old Boy Lorne Walls ('42-'47) of Cockfield Brown Co. in Montreal. Twenty-six pages lie within the book's unique cover, providing everything anyone wants to know about today's B.C.S. — a most complete record, pleasing to the eye and with the odd surprise thrown in.

Aside from word of mouth, a prospectus is a school's most important envoy, and is usually a student's first contact with his future school. We feel especial-

ly proud of our brand new one and would be happy to share it with our Alumni. If you would like one for yourself, a friend or neighbour, simply fill in the enclosed card and we will get the prospectus to you as soon as it comes off the presses.

OLD BOYS WANT CRICKET MATCH

Sadly, Cricket was forced to come to an end as a school sport at B.C.S. at the close of the 1972/73 year. Forming a team of keen and talented players was not a problem then, but finding another team within any reasonable distance to challenge was close to impossible. Without any serious competition at hand, the sport simply could not be enjoyed to its fullest here at B.C.S., hence its demise.

Nevertheless, in that final year of Cricket, Old Boys, who loved the game, were still plentiful and came out to School in large numbers to beat our First Elevens 125-79. That was the last time that Old Boys played Cricket on our pitch.

Now, word has come to us that several Old Boys are eager to revive the annual match at School by forming two teams of Old Boys. Fourteen keen players and two willing umpires have already signed up. We need at least 8 more players for the game to be on. Also, we have checked out the sports room and happily discovered that we have stumps and bales, leg pads, gloves, bats — in fact, everything except the mat. We might be able to borrow a mat from somewhere.

The best time for this historic match would be the same day as Old Boys' Rugby in late April or early May. An exact date will be set later. We hope to provide an outdoor, picnic-style lunch for players and spectators since Cricket is an all day affair, as well as a post-match reception.

All Old Boys, young or old, who would like to participate should contact Margot Graham at B.C.S. She will then confirm the big day's schedule with you well in advance. We plan to have the names of the winning team painted on a ceremonial bat and displayed in the Dining Hall so ... all cricketers sign up and sign up soon.

PROFILE — SARA PECK COLBY

In the 1965 issue of *Per Annos*, underneath the graduation photo of Sara Peck, are the lines, "Favourite Pastime-Doodling" and "Ambition — Professional Doodler." Sara is one of few graduates who has actually realized her ambition.

Sara grew up in Montreal and headed off to Compton in 1962. She was aware that she had a natural ability for cartooning and caricatures (perhaps inherited from an uncle who was an artist and author) and found plenty of opportunity to use this talent for drawings in the school magazine, decorations for Halloween or Christmas entertainment, etc. She also took Art as a McGill Matriculation subject. The McGill Matric requirements did not include much, if any cartooning, so she got by with a low 65%. "I did awful stuff," she says in retrospect.

Throughout her K.H.C. years, however, encouragement abounded amongst peers and staff alike. Miss Keyser suggested she attend the Rhode Island School of Design or the Montreal Museum Arts School, headed by Arthur Lismer. Sara's decision, in the end, was to rediscover Montreal by attending the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts School. She left K.H.C. with all intentions of becoming a political cartoonist or book illustrator.

Upon her arrival at the Museum School, she was immediately struck by all kinds of new influences, regarding art, which she had never encountered before at school. She was now immersed in life drawing, Art history and painting, and discovered that no cartooning was offered at all. These new influences swung her into a new artistic direction completely.

Following three years at the Museum School, Sara went to London for a year, attending the Byam Shaw Art School. Upon her return to Montreal, Sara's parents, full of faith in her eventual success, gave up the entire attic of their home for Sara to turn into a studio. "I spent four years in the attic doing freelance commercial art for gift shops, posters for hospital fairs, entered some works in several art shows and did some teaching to young children in Little



Burgundy." She finds it difficult to understand how people can teach art. "I can only say that this is how I do it, you may do it differently." During those years all her jobs came to her solely by word of mouth.

Married in 1972 to Edward Colby, a designer, they now have two children, Emma, 6½ and Graham, 17 months. The Colbys live in an older Westmount home, the interior of which was renovated by Ed. The interior is now modern, very bright, spacious, and most functional for their lifestyle, emanating a kind of relaxed formality — formal enough for the city without being intimidating or cluttered.

"Today, at this stage, my art must be flexible," says Sara regarding both running a home full-time and fulfilling her art career. She has managed to do both by adapting her artistic style to suit her lifestyle, yet still managing to progress forward artistically. Her present studio is the dining room table — when available. Though best known for her tranquil landscapes, she does more and more work these days with pen and ink, pencil or crayon because they are clean and quick, and she can get everything cleared away before dinner. Also, because she is at home most of the time with the kids, her subject matter is affected too. She does a lot of still life,

things that just happen to be lying around, and her landscapes are rarely actual scenes since she is unable to get outdoors on her own very often. Instead, they are slightly abstract works which depict a feeling rather than recording a particular location. "The most important thing is being here for the kids now. Later, I may get a studio and work more full-time," says Sara. "I make sure that all my stuff is not around when the kids are and they're pretty good about not putting their feet through canvasses."

Sara still manages to produce quite a bit of art in spite of her present circumstances. This is because she is highly organized with her time and receives tremendous backing from her husband. She has done many ads for "A Table," a kitchenware shop in Westmount Square and she produces about 25 paintings a year for an annual exhibition at the Piggery Theatre in North Hatley. "The Piggery Show is a real incentive for me," she states, "without it I would always find an excuse not to paint."

When Sara was working in the attic, she did a lot of silkscreening. A friend suggested that she send a sample to the National Film Board. They weren't interested at the time, however, three years later the NFB contacted her to propose a job consisting of doing drawings for a 3-part film strip series for children, called "Living and Growing." The story scripts were sent to her and she planned drawings around them. Each film strip contained over 90 drawings.

Since then she has done illustrations for NFB films on women pioneers in Canada and one on Chinese pioneers in Canada. The NFB and advertizing work have given her the opportunity to continue in her favourite area — cartooning. "Cartooning still comes most naturally to me." She has recently completed illustrations for a fabulous children's book written by Montreal lawyer, Tim Carsley and entitled "I am a Pillow." While waiting for it to be published the NFB picked it up to make into a film strip, and, in typical lawyer style, Tim Carsley has already obtained the world

(Continued on page 8)

B.C.S. THRIVING IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Before you begin to think that your eyes are playing tricks on you or that this editor has overlooked a gross typographical error, let me assure you that the above title really says Papua New Guinea. This is a most unique story of another B.C.S. on the opposite side of the world and of the background to how we at B.C.S. Lennoxville came to know of it.

It all began on December 30th, 1976 when a Letter to the Editor appeared in The Sherbrooke Record from Old Boy, Carleton Monk (B.C.S. '62-'68). He had recently arrived in the newly established nation of Papua New Guinea and had quickly become involved with a very remote yet remarkable bush school, working with the natives of Kokopo. His letter provided excellent descriptions of life in PNG and particularly of life at the Ulagunan Correspondence School, the bush school where he had decided to dedicate his energies.

As a result of the 20th century falling on PNG like a bomb, this school was begun by Oscar Tammur in 1969 for students who could not get into the high schools. As his classes grew, he asked the students to collect coconuts to support them. The little school expanded and Oscar bought land with his own money and the kids built grass huts for classrooms.

At the time of Carleton's letter, the bush school had grown to 546 boarders, 7 teachers and many school buildings, all made of bamboo, palm fronds and grass.

The school is for the underprivileged, who would have no other hope for education. The students are totally self-sufficient — grow their own food on school land, make their own clothes, cook in the open, on fires and wash in a stream. Carleton reported that the teaching material comes from correspondence courses. The children learn English and maths to grade 10 level, but the emphasis is on agricultural techniques, carpentry, domestic science, retailing and book-keeping. The graduates return to their villages able to offer practical help and leadership potential.

Carleton's letter ended by appealing to Eastern Township readers to send \$5 or \$10 so that the school could acquire much needed teachers, school equipment (books, axes, hoes, and even paper!), building materials, etc.

Several members of the B.C.S. community saw the letter in the Record and decided to help Carleton's fine cause by raising a fund through Sunday collection in the B.C.S. Chapel and through the houses to forward to him in PNG. On January 21, 1977 B.C.S. was able to send Carleton \$425. which rather took him by surprise. He replied to the Headmaster saying how astonished he was by the cheque and that it "opened up such huge possibilities." In the end, our contribution was used to buy sports equipment for rugby, volleyball and basketball, 3 treadle-operated sewing machines, and enough other supplies to make a complete domestic science room. Along with his thanks, Carleton enclosed some fascinating photographs of the country and of his students at work.

This was the last we heard from Carleton Monk until March, 1980 when a letter arrived with news about the B.C.S. in Papua New Guinea. This latest letter, with more pictures, is so interesting that it should be shared with you in its entirety:

"Dear Mr. Cowans,

Greetings from an Old Boy in Papua New Guinea. Enclosed are some pictures of another B.C.S. located in the bush not too far from where we live. Thought you might be interested in this school. Picture No. 1 — the sign. Apologies for the reversed "J" on Joseph, but perhaps Bee Cee Es spelling could induce B.C.S. Lennoxville to switch ...

You notice that it is a Catholic School. The missionaries — be they Anglican, Catholic, S.D.A., or whatever — started and continue to have a major role in education in P.N.G. As the government becomes stronger, more and more secular schools are being run by the government, particularly at High School level. But the mission schools remain the backbone of education here.

The emblem depicting the tools is typical. Education cannot just be a veneer of western style education, it must be oriented to their own practical needs. Carpentry is more useful than a Latin course here. Picture No. 2 — Notice the posts that surround the sign. They are old bombs (used) left over from World War II. There was heavy fighting and bombing throughout the war during the Japanese occupation and many war



At the Ulagunan School the boys have just erected a water tank on stilts. The structure has to be solid to resist all the earthquakes.

relics just rust away forgotten in the jungles. You have to be careful though — just last month some men came across an undetonated bomb right around here. Believe it or not, there is talk of Japanese soldiers still in the bush who don't know the war is over. Occasional sightings are reported by local people.

Picture No. 3 is a panorama of the school. The little grass thatched house to the left of the building marked "B.C.S." is a kind of majic house. Nonobstant the religious influence, there own traditional cultures and beliefs remain intact. Here it's probably only the teacher's common room or something, but the design is the same as these "House tabaran" found everywhere. All the sacred possessions are stored inside and secret, "men only" ceremonies are celebrated there. This is the place where the medicine man conjures up the spirits of good and evil. You may laugh, but no one is ever just sick, there is always an evil spirit involved. I've seen some things that make me wonder too.

Most school buildings are permanent structures made of wood with a corrugated iron roof. But believe me, those bush material thatched houses are much more comfortable in the heat.

The round tanks about the houses are for water storage from rain off the roofs. Rainwater is the main source of drinking water usually.

B.C.S. PNG is a primary school up to about grade 6 serving the local community. Most of the students will not continue on after B.C.S., but even a decade ago almost no one had any education at all.

At our mission station here in PutPut there are only 2 or 3 workers who can write. Mind you, they might not have much education, but they certainly are independent. They are remarkable gardeners and skillful fishermen and hunters — they supply themselves all their own needs — no need for money or stores for them — and no worries about inflation, unemployment or fuel crisis in their traditional system. Perhaps they are the ones most adaptable and fit-test to survive in the long run after all. ...

Yours truly,
Carleton Monk"



No. 1

No. 2

Editor's Note: As this Bulletin was going to press, we learned that Carleton has recently returned to Canada because his wife had been stricken with a severe case of malaria. We all hope that she recuperates very soon and that they may resume their excellent work.



No. 3



NEWS OF THE CLASSES

- '32 K.H.C. ANDREA BAKER is now living in Lennoxville, Que.
- '48 B.C.S. "HARKY" SMITH has been promoted Lieutenant-Colonel and appointed Staff Officer to the new Chief of the Defence Staff, General R.M. Withers.
- '51 B.C.S. REV. DAVID McCORD has recently moved from Cowansville, Que. to Nepean, Ont.
- '52 K.H.C. ANN (LUCAS) SUCHE is living in Calgary and writing for the magazine **Arts West** and is Calgary Editor and restaurant critic for **Western Living** magazine.
- '56 K.H.C. JILL (PACAUD) HERTOG is now living in Key Largo, Florida.
- '57 K.H.C. JUDY (ROBB) GRIFFIN has just moved from Vancouver to Calgary.
- '57 B.C.S. JOHN MARKEY is vice-president, Office Centres, of Daon Corp. in San Francisco, California.
- '60 K.H.C. DIANA STEWART is attending the University of Victoria and also working in the field of Alcoholism and Drug Abuse at Gillian Manor, Victoria, B.C.
- '61 K.H.C. JILL (OUGHTRED) QUICK is presently teaching Physical and Health Education at Bendale Secondary School in Scarborough, Ontario.
- '62 K.H.C. MARCIA PACAUD is living in Athens, Greece.
- '62 K.H.C. LIBBY (HAMPSON) PETERSON has just graduated from the University of Ottawa with a degree in Visual Arts. She now operates an art studio in Ingleside, Ont. where she produces and instructs in the making of stoneware pottery and watercolour paintings.
- '64 B.C.S. DONALD STEVENSON is now working with Rademaker MacDougall & Co. in Vancouver, B.C.
- '64 K.H.C. ELIZABETH (STIKEMAN) ROSE is living in Middlesex, England and working with Vicki Buchanan '68 in London. Her husband is running a Canadian law office in London and she expects to be in England for at least another 2 years.
- '65 B.C.S. LAURENCE MACNAUGHTON is presently living in Colorado Springs, Colorado.
- '66 K.H.C. KATHY MACKAY is now the West Coast Correspondent for **Working Woman** magazine and continues to write for **Time**, the **Los Angeles Times** and many other publications. She is also the winner of a Gold Quill Award for Excellence and is currently working on a cover story for the film "Nine to Five" and has had interviews with Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton and others involved with the movie.
- '66 K.H.C. KAREN PIERCE is studying Medicine at McGill University in Montreal.
- '67 K.H.C. MARGOT MAGEE is living in Halifax where she is curatorial services officer with the Historic Sites division of Parks Canada.
- '67 K.H.C. ROZ (RAYMOND) MACGUIRE is a nephrology social worker at the North Western Dialysis Facility in Lenoir, North Carolina.
- '68 B.C.S. ALAN BLACK is completing his M.B.A. at the University of Western Ontario, in London, Ont.
- '68 K.H.C. KATHY HARPUR is teaching Science at a girls' school in Christ Church, New Zealand. She is also a member of the New Zealand National Women's Soccer Team.
- '69 B.C.S. JOHN MUNDY is posted with the Dept. of External Affairs in Manila.
- '69 K.H.C. MARNIE ELLIS has been appointed Director, Camps & Conference Centre, Catholic Community Services in Montreal. She is also 1st vice-president of the Business and Professional Women's Club of Montreal.
- '69 B.C.S. PATRICK DRAPER is marketing manager at Pepsi-Cola in Toronto. He asks that all Alumni take the Pepsi Challenge and "taste that winning Taste."
- '69 K.H.C. WENDY (HUGHSON) VOSS has just attained a degree in Journalism & Mass Communications in Madison, Wisconsin and will be moving to Richland, Washington.
- '70 B.C.S. BILL ROBERTS is now Special Assistant to N.D.P. leader, Ed Broadbent in Ottawa, following three years in Paris and Stockholm.
- '71 K.H.C. WILLA HENRY will be at McMaster University in Hamilton this year, studying Medicine.
- '72 B.C.S. BOYD GRAHAM is attending the Vancouver Community College in Vancouver, B.C.
- '72 B.C.S. LANNY SMITH has completed his B.B.A. from Bishop's University and is currently employed at Agro Co. in Montreal as a grain broker trainee.
- '74 B.C.S. KIM McNEIL is currently attending U.B.C. in Vancouver, studying Rehabilitative Medicine.
- '74 B.C.S. ANDREW ALBERT is enrolled in his 3rd year of medical school at Ottawa University.
- '74 B.C.S. PETER MARCHUK recently entered a fitness contest and won. He is now known as "The Fittest Man in Calgary." As a result, he will soon be completing a gruelling marathon to raise money for the Terry Fox Cancer Fund.
- '75 B.C.S. GEORGINA MUNDY is working for Sultran Ltd., as a secretary, in Calgary.
- '75 B.C.S. JANE HENRY spent the summer on a geological expedition in the Yukon. She will be studying Social Work at Concordia University in Montreal this winter.
- '76 B.C.S. ALLARD KEELEY has completed his B.A. (Honours Economics) at Queen's University and is now working with the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce.
- '76 B.C.S. PAUL TINARI is now taking a Masters degree in Solar Engineering at Queen's University. He has also been training with the Canadian Cross-Country running team, and in his spare time is working on the design and construction of solar houses in the Kingston area, and on solar ovens and water heaters.
- '77 B.C.S. KARIN KEELEY spent the summer working with the Canadian Coast Guard in their advertizing department. She is entering her final year of Journalism at Carleton University, Ottawa.
- '78 B.C.S. WENDY HUETON is entering her 2nd year of an outdoor recreation programme at Lakehead University in Thunder Bay, Ont. Last February she passed her CSIA Level I Instructor's in downhill skiing and plans to teach skiing this winter in Thunder Bay.
- '79 B.C.S. GLENN SIMMONS is living in Calgary, Alberta.
- '79 B.C.S. DAVID KEELEY is studying Chemical Engineering at the University of Waterloo.

FUNNY FORM FOUND

During the summer, B.C.S. parents receive a deluge of forms to fill and out remit back to school before their child arrives in September. Many of these forms need a parent's signature to give the son or daughter permission to do this or that, go here or there. Amongst the multitude is a form which states, "I hereby give my son/daughter permission to charge purchases from the School Supply Shop without the Housemaster's permission." One of these forms provided the office staff with quite a chuckle when it showed up recently. It was duly signed by the boy's mother, but at the top of the page a note appeared, written in large print by the boy to his mother, with the words, "SIGN OR DIE!"

THE LOST STOCKING

by Michael L'Abbé Aylwin (B.C.S. '32)

Long, long before Old 714 pulled into the tiny, dilapidated station at Lennoxville, Quebec, the three l'Abbé boys, aged 10, 9, and 8, dressed in their English private boarding-school uniform, waited impatiently on the platform for her arrival. From time to time, they could hear her whistle resounding throughout the countryside. Looking down into the valley below, they followed her trail of white smoke as she wound her way towards Cliff Hill.

Chug Chug-chug-chug echoed 714 as her wheels skipped repeatedly on the steep grade. Seven minutes later she came into view.

"I see the engine, Mr. Wilkinson," I shouted, jumping up and down.

"Be calm, l'Abbé III," warned Wilkie, our ageing Headmaster of the Prep at Bishop's College School. Tall, thin, stoop-shouldered and with the ever-present twinkle in his eye, he was revered by the entire student body. "Have your luggage ready, boys," he urged. As the engine flashed by, bell clanging, I waved at the engineer who returned a friendly smile and tipped his cap. A moment later we were all engulfed in a white cloud of compressed steam as the train came to a screeching stop.

"Good-bye L'Abbé I, L'Abbé II," said Wilkie to my brothers. Enjoy your summer holidays. I'll see you back next term."

"All aboard," called the conductor.

Turning to me paternally, Wilkie said, "Ready L'Abbé III. I hope you haven't forgotten your 'Mosquito Champion' boxing medal to show your father?"

"It's right here, Sir," I replied proudly withdrawing it from my blazer.

"Good for you. It was an even match. You and Porteous displayed "Good Sportsmanship!"

"Thank you, Sir. Do you ever think I'll be a real champion like Curly Grant?"

"Maybe. In a few years, you'll be a senior."

"Like Kenny, Sir? And Glass & Bassett & Doheny?"

"Enough said," Wilkie replied firmly.

With his hand resting gently on my shoulder he walked me to the train. "Off you go, Michael, my boy. Have a good trip."

"Good-bye, Mr. Wilkinson," I mumbled sadly. Helped by the porter with my over-sized luggage, I climbed the three steps to our sleeper. The year 1929.

"All aboard," repeated the conductor. Carefully checking his train he gave the engineer the 'all clear' signal. With a couple of loud toots of her whistle accompanied by the warning bell, Old 714 started inching her way along the platform. This was the beginning of a most unexpected journey.

"Let's give Wilkie the old school," my eldest brother Jack cried out with authority. Hanging out the windows, waving good-bye, we all joined in:

Bishop's, Bishop's, Bishop's College School

We're out to fight for the purple & white

And the honour of our school
Bishop's, Bishop's, Bishop's College School

Bishop's, Bishop's, Bishop's College School

Slowly, the train gathered speed, spewing black smoke in her wake. The waving continued all the way to the first bend in the track where Mr. Wilkinson's lone figure was lost from sight.

Steaming along on its daily run, the Grand-Central Express bound for New York City was right on schedule. Next stop — Springfield. A week of heavy rains had softened the road bed. The time — 2.07 a.m.

Seven cars back from the engine, my brothers and I slept soundly. Rounding a curve under a full head of steam ... it happened! The train jumped the track. The engineer and fireman jumped clear. Of the 14 cars derailed, only our sleeper broke loose from its couplings and careened down a steep embankment smashing trees like matchsticks. In our sleeper, I was tossed from top to bottom until our pullman settled, up-side down, partially submerged in four feet of water at the edge of a lake.

Three hours after the accident, a relief-train arrived on the scene. Spotlights were set up. Rescue personnel slithered down the muddy embankment. Ropes were dropped and attached to our sleeper.

Sitting in the pitch dark amidst strewn luggage, the cries of the injured and the sound of escaping steam, it seemed a very long time before help arrived.

"I hear voices," said Jim. "Let's give them the Bishop's yell and show them that we're really not scared!"

"Hey, Tom. Do you hear that. What the hell's going on in there? Sounds like some kids having a sing-song or something." Flashing a light through the wreckage, the first rescuers to reach us cheered us up no end. "Hey, Kids. Still in your pajamas, I see. Having a little party?" Turning to Jack. "How old are you, sonny?"

"Ten," replied my brother.

"I'm nine," volunteered Jim.

"What's your name and how are you, little boy?"

"My name is Michael and I'm eight and one-half years old. Please, sir. Don't call me a little boy," I pleaded. "I'll be NINE in June.

"Wonderful! And where are you from, Michael?"

"I'm a BISHOP'S BOY!"

"Good for you. Now, boys, let's go!"

Please, mister. May I borrow your flash-light?" I begged. "I lost my stocking."

"No time, boy. This car may catch fire at any moment. Let's go." A minute later we were pulled out.

"Ready,?" said Tom, the rescue supervisor. "Ready, sir," I replied. With my arms wound tightly around his neck, Tom grabbed a rescue rope, and hand over hand, struggled up the slippery embankment to safety.

"Now, wasn't that a nice piggy-back?" he asked good-naturedly.

"It was exciting! Thank you, sir, for rescuing me." Fortunately, we had all

(Continued on page 8)

"THE LOST STOCKING"

(Continued from page 7)

escaped with a few minor cuts and bruises. Passing a coach jutting out from the road-bed, I'll always remember seeing a porter lying on the ground being given First Aid. His leg, like a naked chicken bone had been completely sheared of flesh after being hurled through a window from the crash!

In New York City news of the train crash had come over the wire services. At Grand Central Station, reporters jostled for key interview positions. No names of casualties had been reported. Parents and relatives were overly apprehensive. Finally, the rescue-train arrived. The station was a bedlam. Above the din, I heard my father, a Wall Street broker First World War Major of large stature shouting in a booming voice, "Boys, boys. Over here, boys." A moment later, he forcefully emerged from the crowd, Mother in hand. Running forward with outstretched arms, I was firmly grasped and swept up in his powerful arms, six feet above the ground and given a bear hug I'll never forget.

"My Miko, thank God," he gasped with relief, as my brothers patiently waited their turn. Crying on my father's shoulder, still in my striped pajamas, I was promised that everything would be alright.

"Daddy, I lost my stocking," were the first words I uttered.

"That's all right, Miko, my boy," he replied reassuringly. "We'll get you a new pair."

"But, Daddy, Daddy, you don't understand! "I saved my 10¢ on Wednesdays & 25¢ on Saturday Tuckshop allowance, for weeks, to buy myself a new model aeroplane. I hid ALL my allowance in my stocking ... under my pillow."

"How much did you lose, son?"

"TWO WHOLE DOLLARS," I sobbed. My world was at an end.

BIRTHS

- '60 B.C.S. Martin Gerrard and Marjorie, a son, Kenneth Maurice, January 25, 1980 at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

- '61 K.H.C. Sue (MacLaren) Khan and Jawaid, a daughter, Wendy on, August 22, 1980 in Montreal.

- '67 K.H.C. Roz (Raymond) MacGuire, a son, Daniel, born March 31, 1980 in Lenoir, North Carolina.

- '68 K.H.C. Nora (Cook) Harvey and Robert, a son, January 23, 1980 at Dowelltown, Tennessee.

- '68 B.C.S. Alan Black and Lynn, a daughter, Nyssa, born in January, 1980 in London, Ontario.

- '69 B.C.S. John Mundy and Leanne, a son, born June 2, 1980 in Manila.

- '69 K.H.C. Sally (Humphries) Johnson and Richard, a son, Robert Charles, February 27, 1980 at St. Petersburg, Florida.

- '72 B.C.S. Alan Evans and Jane, a daughter, Martha Mary, born August 1, 1980. (Third granddaughter for Lewis Evans this year!)

MARRIAGES

- '56 K.H.C. Jane Douglas-Lane to Reginald Goodfellow, June 3, 1980 in Reigate, Surrey, England.

- '68 K.H.C. Victoria Oscarsson to Peter Heimann, July 19, 1980. Now residing in New York City.

- '69 K.H.C. Wendy Hughson to Charles Voss, June, 1980 in Madison, Wisconsin.

- '71 B.C.S. Rick Blickstead to Martha Lee, June 14, 1980, in Toronto.

- '76 B.C.S. Linda Gosling to Robert Johnson on August 2, 1980 in Montreal.

- '66 K.H.C. Sue (Fleming) Kent to James Pattillo, October 3, 1980. They will be living in Toronto.

DEATHS

- '20 K.H.C. Mary (Chisholm) Abbott at Ottawa, Ontario.

- '20 K.H.C. Claire (Russell) MacLean, 1980, at Montreal.

- '23 K.H.C. Ailsie (Coghlin) Harper in Montreal, Que.

- '24 K.H.C. Aimée (Gundy) Biggar, 1980, in Toronto.

- '30 K.H.C. Margaret (Kidder) Chapman, 1980, at Victoria, B.C.

- '31 K.H.C. Catherine (Baptist) Turner, June 18, 1980, at Brockville, Ont.

- '39 K.H.C. Olwen Jones, 1980, in Greenwich, Connecticut.

- '34 B.C.S. Carlton C. Cressy, suddenly at Montreal on September 25, 1980.

"PROFILE"

(Continued from page 3)

rights for his text and her drawings. Sara also does some commissions during the winter and has designed many Christmas cards for the Grenfell-Labrador Medical Mission. Somehow, she still even finds time to play tennis, ski, cook (she even makes her own bread), and attend many city events such as theatre and concerts.

Sara is not particularly philosophical about her art. "I just like doing it, and it just comes. If I hadn't been able to draw, I don't know what I would have done — I had a passing interest in nursing."

However, Sara does feel strongly about her art as a business. She tries to keep her prices within reach of young people for maximum exposure. "I want to think that my work is spread around and I want my art to be affordable to young people interested in collecting." Her work certainly is spread around. She is in collection in many Canadian cities, the U.S., Germany, France and England. However, Sara modestly proposes that "this is because I have friends living in all these places who own something I've done."

Sara greatly admires the works of artists such as Jean Paul Lemieux, David Hockney and Carl Larsson and would love to possess their talents, but, in the end, her goals are very simple. "I hope just to progress, to grow as an artist."

Sara Peck Colby will no doubt progress and fulfill her artistic goals and perhaps, as icing on the cake, her children will inherit her gifts and work along with her. If so, there would be little more to strive toward.

IT WAS THE ROGUISH MEMORY OF PETER MORGAN

...(1950-1960)... that extracted these tales from limbo. 'Remember Cush, whose bog-hockey slapshot got him into a hopeless blind with S.F.A.? During his middle school years, a young master, Allison B. Connell, struggled with grim persistence to win the deference of the senior form cynics. Cush was no senior, nor was he a cynic, but his real ingenuity endowed his opinion with an influence not to be found in the comment of his more sophisticated schoolmates.

Mr. Connell was labouring with the intricacies of reflex verbs in a French class. As an effective method of baiting the young master, each boy in the rather small form vehemently expressed his inability to understand the master's explanation. Cush maintained complete silence as the bedevilled teacher tried desperately to achieve *éclaircissement*. The entire form, except Cush, had had its say; bugged by his taciturnity, le professeur turned upon the quiet one, pointed a shaking finger at him and demanded, "Do you understand, Cushing?" "Of course I do," replied Cush, disdainfully, "It's as simple as ABC."

Cush was genuinely astounded when the reply brought down the house — and the wrath of the unhappy master.

Headmaster Ogden Glass knew only too well that student teachers from Bishop's University's School of Education were often subject to harassment in their practising assignments at B.C.S. Usually they suffered in silence, but one young man, afflicted by habit tic that produced a sharp twitch of the facial muscles, met in his first teaching period at the School a boy with an identical problem.

When the unfortunate boy apparently imitated the student teacher for the third time in the first few minutes of the class, the distraught instructor fled the classroom, burst into the Head's office and furiously demanded that justice be done to "that impertinent boy!"

"Come along!" snapped the Head, making speed toward the form-room. The door had been left open; C.L.O.G. strode into the room, his anger notably

evident. One step inside and he halted abruptly; in the front row sat the boy whose twitch was his unhappy distinction.

The Head stepped backward, closed the door with a vengeance, and collapsed in near hysterics.

MILLER: YOUR HISTORY TEACHER HAS MARKED YOUR PAPER

Miller Ayre's **Personal View** (B.C.S. Alumni Bulletin, July, 1980) evoked a variety of reactions, but none so urgent as an impulse to act on the advice of James Thurber's fabled baseball coach — "You could look it up."

From **Doolittle's Departure for School** in the 1960 B.C.S. through the more recent nonsense of **Codpeace**, Miller's pen has spilled absurdities far and wide, and with his record in hyperbole, you accept his caricature as par for the course and in line with Old Boy tradition. Old Boy fantasy once put a plumber's coverall on me in a widely credited tale dealing with smokers in the tunnel. Miller transposed "a corner in the darkest part of the tunnel" into the range's cul de sac straightaway, in order to poke me in the pot.

He stepped out of bounds, however, when he distorted the record in his claim to have skated, with my curved skates, against Claude Ruel. The Abenakis' share in bringing Ruel into prominence was one of jealously guarded pride, shared by all those Abs who played against the phenomenal Midget-age player. We looked it up: Miller was not one of these.

The June 1954 number of **B.C.S.** tells the story.

Page 60. Prep Hockey summaries. The roster of Iroquois (Peewees) lists Miller Ayre as Vice-Captain of this team. They won the E.T. semi-finals against St. Pat's of Sherbrooke by scores of 0-1 and 7-3. In the latter game, Charlie Howard scored four goals and Miller got three. The Iroquois lost the E.T. final to Beebe by a 3-2 score.

Page 61. Photos. Miller Ayre is in the rear row, extreme right, beside John Carroll.

Page 33. **MINOR HOCKEY**. "Abenakis won their league, but lost to Sherbrooke Carnegie Locknits, who went on to defeat Jarry Park Wheelers, Montreal titlists, 6-0, then to outplay Quebec St. Fidele Midgets 4-2, to bring the first Minor Championship to this district."

Claude Ruel was the mainstay of this Midget team, and was signed to a Detroit contract (later, annulled) by an eager Red Wings scout on the railway trip from Montreal to Quebec during the playdowns.

Miller may have seen Ruel play against Abenakis in the one-game playdown on Sherbrooke Arena ice, but the weekly games with Carnegie at B.C.S. were played at 7:00 p.m., after Abs had done prep in the afternoon on Wednesdays, in order to accommodate the homeless Carnegies, whom all clubs but B.C.S. refused to accept in the Midget league. No school spectators were permitted; prep began for the rest of the school soon after the games started, and all officials had to be recruited outside the school body.

This Midget team was captained by Eric Molson, with Bobbie Jamieson as Vice-Captain, Tom Gillespie in goal, and Bill Sharp, Hughie Fraser, Steve Molson, Hugh Dixon, Peter Hyndman, Bob Tinker, Bob Symonds, Pat O'Halloran, Catalin Mitescu, John Roland, Peter Duffield and John Teare in the supporting cast. John Dever and Lloyd Scheib were co-managers, and the coach does not recall having loaned his skates to anyone.

J.G.P.

THIS YEAR'S PREFECTS

Head Prefect: Colin Drummond

Prefects: Christopher Arnold-Forster
Brian Bell
Gregory Boyd (son of Douglas Boyd '56)
Jennifer Hallward
Sarah Hawketts
Kevin Mackinnon
Linda Rodeck
Sarah Stanley

ANNUAL GIVING — LET'S GO OVER THE TOP THIS YEAR

I decided recently to find out exactly what the trend has been over the past fifteen years regarding our annual Alumni Giving Program. As you can see from the accompanying graph, giving has increased overall since 1965 with some fluctuations. In 1974 and 1975, giving was so low that the figures go off the graph completely.

When I arrived at B.C.S. in November of 1976, I had optimistic visions of Annual Giving climbing in leaps and bounds as each year went by. It has climbed, and this is admirable and encouraging, but it has not quite been to the same degree as I had originally dreamed.

As your representative at B.C.S., I am often questioned by students about all aspects of our Association — in particular what we do for the School; how we raise funds; and how much we usually raise. I quite proudly answer that, in recent years, we collect about an average of \$8,500. each year. The reaction is usually "Gee, we thought you raised about \$100,000. a year." At this point in the conversation I choke, turn a bluish-green and search for the nearest rock to crawl under.

Your Alumni directors really do not have goals as high as that — the Foundation exists for that purpose. Nevertheless, it would be quite an accomplishment if, this year, we could go over the top of my little graph, a mere \$16,000 divided amongst 3,500 Old Boys and Old Girls (about \$4.60 per Alumnus). This figure is realistic and we could easily do it, but not if Alumni do not know why they are doing it. The answers are as old as our Association:

— To provide B.C.S. with meaningful and much needed grants as well as strong moral support — the very purpose our Association exists as stated in its Charter of 1933;

— To continue the Bulletin in its present form. The Bulletin is an Alumni institution and the one thing that we are able to give back to our Alumni in return for their generosity;

—To encourage a most necessary pride amongst B.C.S. students towards the School, its traditions, the Alumni Association, its Old Girls and Old Boys.

Lately, B.C.S. students have been particularly interested in the backgrounds of both B.C.S. and K.H.C. They ask questions, they hover near my office waiting for each issue of the Bulletin, and they peruse through memorabilia housed in our Archives. They are keenly interested in all Alumni and appreciate all our forms of support. Perhaps, this year, we can really show that we are just as interested in them.

Margot Graham
Vice-President & Secretary

1980 Grants to B.C.S. were:

2 Gillard Scholarships	\$3000.
Grant to the Library	1000.
Cassette recorders & Headphones for Tape Library	300.
Prizes	289.
Yet to be allocated before year end (Dec. 31, 1980)	2000.
TOTAL	\$6589.

ORFORD CLIMB CONTINUES

For the past 55 years B.C.S. students have made an annual pilgrimage to the top of Mount Orford. Headmaster Crawford Grier came up with the idea in the Autumn of 1935 and it stuck. Nowadays the climb always takes place on the first Saturday of the school year and culminates with a picnic lunch at the summit.

Thousands of Old Boys will remember that when they made the trek, they were awarded with the opportunity of having a cigarette while contemplating the magnificent view. As I understand it, this little ritual was introduced after someone had asked Mr. Grier, "Can't a boy ever smoke a cigarette at School?" Not wanting to answer a blunt, "No," his reply was softened by the response, "Yes, of course he may ... at the top of Mount Orford." A most diplomatic comeback very similar to Miss Gillard's famous line, "Yes, you are allowed to chew gum ... if you are in the cupboard of your room, with the doors locked, the lights out, and wearing a towel over your head." Today's B.C.S. kids no nothing about puffing on mountain tops for this side benefit of the climb mysteriously disappeared one year not too long ago.

